

Runrig "I'll Be Eyes Of Blue"

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Head of ribbons running down the brae
In the morning, In the morning,
Bare-foot sisters and a milking pail
Turning around
At the weekend the boats come in
From the herring, From the herring
Wives and families and the table laid
Turning again

Forever you'll be eyes blue
In the circle of your youth
Picking every blade of truth
Down the Newton road

War is over and the boys come home
From the fighting, From the fighting
Letters and a great unknown
Turning around
Counting your blesings at the village hall
To the dancing, To the dancing
Alittle loving and a lot of soul
Turning again

Forever you'll be eyes blue
In the circle of your youth
Picking every blade of truth
Down the Newton road

You took your beauty and your heart of gold
To the Altar, To the altar
Bound forever in an August vow
Turning around
The skies of summer shone round your door
Little children, Little children
Three men who couldn't love you more
Turning again

Forever you'll be eyes blue
In the circle of your youth
Picking every blade of truth
Down the Newton road

One door opens and another closed
Oh the parting, Oh the parting
New arrivals and a family grown
Turning around
Head of ribbons running down the brae
In the morning, In the morning
Pulling moments from the clock of faith
Turning again

Forever you'll be eyes blue
In the circle of your youth
Picking every blade of truth
Down the Newton road

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